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Washington, D.C.

Journal

California

1907

No. 2

Passadena, Mt. Lowe, Yucca, Catalina, San Fernando
Valley, Saugus, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Red Bluff,
Grants Pass, Glendale, Portland, St. Helens, Tacoma.

Sept. From Beaumont we went to Pasadena - S. P. D

20 Dolgiville - where we saw the mills - a warm country
to make comfort for cold northern toots! On the train

from Beaumont we heard a mother of a tuber-
culosis boy talking to a father of a tuberculosis girl!

July 6 The mother was a school teacher with another boy
for whom she had an anxious eye on. They had been in Beaufort
for the summer when ^{half way there an engineering course} her sick son was staying on a
screened porch. The doctor says "he's held his own
this summer." His fever'll be high this afternoon -

he did sit - want us to come". Then she told faithfully
how the doctor had come before she left and talked

to the boy to keep his courage up - was going to sit
with him afterwards. Will get well there if he could

anywhere - brave, bright, cheery - but she the

anguish in her eyes when - so full of it that she
must talk even to strangers. She says - "We talk
about his getting well - we ^{try to} think about that!"

The grim courage of the two - of the bright-eyed woman
and the gaunt collarless, white-haired man who
kept breathing. Another mother ^{looks} with anguish in

leaving her son with her sister & coming back to school

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her eyes while a hunchback daughter did up her hair & powdered & dressed up with childlike vanity in the small country junction station.

From Dolgerville we took the S.P. train that runs between Los Angeles & Pasadena.

Pasadena is more & more surprising the more you go about it. A man in Beaumont with a big ring & worse than no manners said he did not like Pasadena - "there are too many millionaires there to suit me!" But while you are surprised at the wealth of the place, the handsome houses, many of them gingerbread, ornate - some of them theatrical to the gaudy point -

Anheuser-Bush terraced gardens etc - your sense of balance - dignity - is pleased by the quiet elegance shown by the larger numbers.

The houses of redwood shingles with dark ivy or merely beautiful green lawns - and a thousand times rest the eye and satisfy the sensibilities. You say Orange Grove Av - Grand Av - Marques Av - Madison St. Ford Place - & think you have exhausted the

Pasadena

beautiful residence section, but instead of the ugliness and meanness you expect as you turn into the side streets, you come upon new streets full of flowers and attractive houses.

Sunday morning we spent at the Grinnells. In the afternoon we went to Larama to call on the Millers. Tuesday, reports written up, we went to Los Angeles to look up maps & barometers & find the type locality of Perodipus - the site of the old town. Not finding Mr. Lumis we went to see Dr. R. C. Stearns. We found an interesting old man in the

Stearns reminiscent stage - but with flashes showing breadth of view, human sympathy, & basal rectitude.

He showed us his paintings which show a delicate artistic feeling for nature & an intellectual interest in the technique - tho he never had any art training. He has a white beard, keen but kindly brown eyes & a long nose. He spoke of the decay of the mining towns he had known, & of the interest the men took in natural history. His interest is in Berkeley when his associates turned - he worked in the University. He is now writing occasional articles & raising funds with the purpose of

Pasadena

Experimenting at hybridization, etc. We went to Los A. by the Oak Knoll road which goes out through the orange groves and hills & passed the Indian Crafts camp.

Mt. Lowe
Wednesday we went up Mt. Lowe, taking the electric road at the top of the incline & winding around the sides of ridges - & out on the edge on the horse-shoe - looking down on the valley and on canyons filled with long-armed *Pseudotsuga macrocarpa* - till we got to the inn

which is an attractive house with a big fireplace in the office, a pretty redwood & green dining-room, etc. Here, with a blowing of the bugle, the horsebackers start up the trail for the peak - 1100 ft. in 2 1/2 miles. At the (Upper Sonoran) top the bugle blows & echoes answer from the canyons.

Yester evening walked up and back in a little over two hours, stopping to make plant notes etc - did better than the horses. While waiting I got another woman whom her husband had gone up, to go out to Inspiration Point with me. She was evidently on a wedding trip. She had lived in Battle Mountain most of her life, this ^{was} later from D. Utah (she was a purpled cross - to show that she was not a Mormon?) - and how now been abroad 4 months & was on her way to ^{was} Prescott, Arizona to live. From the point

Mt. Lowe

There was a view over the whole of Pasadena & the hills beyond, while in spite of smoke from a number of fires the high peaked points and the line of the Catalina hills showed, & the surf could be seen at the foot of a promontory this side. The rounded tops of manzanita, some blue gum, some yellow green in the sun were beautiful on the chaparral hillides, but the gulches & old slopes filled with spruce were the best, with their long arms & shadows.

It was interesting to trace out the trails on the mountain above - the Wilson's Peak - now distinct - now lost around a shoulder - again appearing as a line in the chaparral. With the glass white spot turned to camp houses & the white observatory building could be seen.

While waiting at the hotel, sitting at the head of the steps - the bell boy - (See *Parus gambeli*) There an old white haired gentleman & his son sat down and the son got out a bag of nuts & drew the squirrels - after a time the chickadees to him by the quietness of his ways. The old man looked on much interested.

It was pleasant to see men engaged in such sport. At one time ^{there was} one boy standing in the sun with upstretched head calling to the chickadees - calling insistently -

Mr. Jones

Pasadena

nutty

making them come - and two or three women with hands out in a row for the birds to choose from! And at the same time they were coming to me, farther along. The birds also came to people seated on the chair balconies opening from the office. Going down the electric car the rock ridges were in sunlight, the shadows between. On the incline a poor man with a wife stood up looking down making remarks - "If those ropes should break -- I tell you now my heart is in my mouth! -- I would sit back down - it'd make me dizzy!" Tuberculosis man 1st named chickadees then did.

Thursday specimens were packed up & preparations made for a 4 days pack trip in the nets. Mr. Grinnell loaned blankets & canvas & helped fit a bright young Cosper Club boy who has made the trip before and whose brother years ago killed a grizzly up there. ^{9.30} Friday all they started, with 2 saddle horses & a pack horse. The packing was done on the street & a bedridden spinal invalid watched from the window with an opera glass, an ex-convict! (one leg had been kept by the law & God & the scrawny, smiling face upholds the last)

In some of the stone meadows here you see

Se habla Espanole.

In a hardware store - Solar Matus

~~Bedridden
invalid~~

In the house is a bedridden spinal patient - 25 yrs ago Mr. Mitchell had charge of her case. Only daughter - only child - dead - invalid for about 30 yrs - bedridden now for years - but the most cheerful person in the house. Kept by the Power of God & other tests are around her bed, & holy books on her tables. She says she thinks McKinley's ~~dead~~ death did more than his life for the people - says it showed that his religion was not just words - & she says the lines from her eyes to you only guess how hardly now is her own courage. She keeps busy. In Sept. has 25 boxes ready for Texas - gives to a great many so can't give expenses friends. Sends papers to needy frontier ministers, loans books, etc.

Old army surgeon taught by nurses in hospital to knit & crochet. Seen first on upper piazza in knitted bed-room slippers, knitting - thought he must be a dreadful cripple passing away the time, but it appears that he is able bodied - can sit about but not standing - when not reading does this - not to tell - for the time. Pettie the tinker quizzed old fellow - tinker made buttons him & his wife & he alone - goes & comes to his meals outside & nobody pays much of any attention to him. A little girl of Mexican father

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Hates the place (Seattle) & the people. Another friend invited spends time reading novels. going to drive etc. says she is indolent - does not like American men - too commercial.

After we return we went to Mrs. Grinnell's to meet some Audubon people & had a big fire in the stone fire place (eucalyptus bimaculata) & ate apples & figs grown on the place. Another night we were asked to dine at Walter Richardson's, to see the skull of a grizzly he killed in the San Gabriels. The house - a temporary one with burlap background for a African zebra skin - gave troubled hours of all sorts of African animals & other interesting skins. Mr. R. was an electrical engineer in the Kimberly mines & when the war got too active went hunting. He is a strong faced quiet young fellow whose says little but whose force you feel. His wife is a sweet faced mother of a ^{former Kindergarten} 13m boy, studying up the latest pedagogics & feeling of infants etc. & leading the simple life. Her mother - widow of the Bishop of Willow game. This dinner served by themselves on a long Mission table with pretty silver & China was an example of simple sensible hospitality. Zonalous & little made the table pretty as we entered &

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a delicious meat loaf & creamed platters served with bread & butter & some characteristic California dish was followed by a big dish of steamed peaches & a big silver pitcher of rich cream - cake - All delicious & attractive, & the best touch of all given by the husband's frank smile when - after a wait between courses - she explained that they had had to wash the plates! And they had come for us with an automobile & the husband will probably soon retire from business to do the things he cares for most! The wife is a former kindergarten & Hall House worker & a woman with ideal face. She is interested in trying to get playgrounds started in Pasadena. 20 days there on probation from the Los Angeles juvenile court wife. They will think ^{somewhat} reason for playgrounds! A woman there was showing her son that she did not believe his word - threatening him to lie - She was thinking about his High School course. She wanted him to take botany instead of zoology. "I hate them requiring them & don't see any interest or use in studying them" - in the face of the fact that her boy - like most normal boys - had a natural interest in natural history. On the other hand she was a sensible womanly woman anxious to

Note book

do right by her boy. On what she said about zoölogy she asked me in all seriousness - "Is a duck a bird?" And the question was echoed by another good woman at table!

After returning from the mtg. trip I went to San Pedro for a little work & on his return I joined him at Los Angeles. Hard nut as then the 10th & that evening we went out to the Cooper Club meeting. It was very interesting to look around the room and see the rugged honest manly faces of the boys whose articles you had been reading, and also to look on the dull, spiritless faces of the least interesting & realize what it was to them to have a spark of living interest like this. It was interesting to call out their observations & see when they had been and what they had seen.

When H & I left for the south, I came to Kuee where I had found there was unusual opportunity to study water birds at close range.

When the tide is low enough the waterfowl gather on the beach, flying over apparently from the lagoons where they stay during high tide. As you walk along the [✓] in the canals you can see cormorants diving & fishing & now & then a dabchick or a duck (see *Phalacrocorax*)

Water birds

Kuee

dry sand above the beach the sand seems to be walking away from you (see *Argaliitis rossoa*). But the view up the shore line is most interesting for those birds are running ^{after the waves} out, & hurrying back before them like children afraid of getting wet - back & forth, back & forth - myriad small & big forms. Godwits, willets, surf birds, ^{an occasional godwaguet} gulls, make up the population (see species notes)

The birds have been so tame that they would walk along the shore ahead of you, and when disturbed by a walker would make a circle - perhaps in the afternoon - cross the sun path - & light a little farther along the beach. But Sunday more people run here and guess you going off all day at the gun club grounds about the marshes & lagoons. On the shore in the afternoon within a mile there must have been 150-200 godwits alone. They were scattered along in small bunches when a man or little boy in bathing suits came walking along the beach & then began throwing stones at each group as he came by, sending the little boy to pick up stones for him! His face was so hard that them seemed no appeal from it - & what could you say to a man of such wantonness? It made my blood boil with indignation. The

Water bird

Venice

man's suit was in stripes! Good training for stripes he was giving the little boy by his side. This morning our poor goatlet with dangling broken bill & another little broken leg lying in the sand of the shore may attest to his prowess - his noble prowess! When the birds had been frightened in this way all along the beach as the pier went on came, a brown water spain excited by the dashing surf discovered that he could make the birds fly so he ran dashing down the beach barking & jumping, his ears flapping, & gulls flew up into the air & joduits rose in confusion in flocks. Then he lay in the sand & rolled & jumped up barking & ran down the beach again!

Small wonder that the birds were wild this m^{orning}!

The other day I saw some boys driving a handsome & spirited horse & drawing ^{by} a rope a cart rigged up with a big sail! They were spedding round town with it. While watching surf scoters to-day I saw two boys with a cart & a burro stopping for lunch. The burro was eating his - a whip of hay on the ground before him, while the boys ate theirs in the cart!

A boy that I found on a raft in one of the canals here told me about the food of cormorants told me & another day 3 boys with said old patched cloth - with little wagons - help with

Venice

that the cormorants come themselves up with coal mud & then when the fish come near "they grab them!"

Catamaran 4 men were drowned here in 3 months & now they have a life saving station & a catamaran - two air filled tubes that ride the waves & are maneuvered by oars - One of the crew was a red suit - a grateful mark in time of danger.

Oct. 15 - Some porpoises passed the pier rolling ^{up} along, two of them side by side - the fins as they come up out of water.

Just about sunset I saw a flock of gulls flying around the pier & the sky above went out to sea.

They were hermanni & occidentalis. A row of ^{gulls} his sat on the pier rail & " on the piers end.

As the sun came thru low under the clouds it lit up the Santa Monica cliffs & a ship lying out by the Port of Los Angeles (longest pier in the world it is said to be - 1 1/2 miles long) Waves lit up the rigging of the Venice wharf & touched 3 cormorants perched on the opposite sides of a row boat. A faint rainbow arched up in the southeast.

Soon after the gulls disappeared for the night. Surf very high at sunset. Another night a

Venice

few people (not at the Coney Island part) watch the sun go down ^{in the Pacific} - a red ball - then a red disc as it went out in clouds.

Oct. 16. Went out by the edge of the marshes & along the canals to-day after that horrid gunn down all my birds away from the beach (In Limosa fedoa) and across the long bridge to the sand dunes overlooking the big stretch of marsh - reddish now with some plant - & with waterways everywhere. What delight it would be to wade through it & poke about quietly with a boat & really see what is there. There were worlds of birds out in the lagoon but I could not get near enough to see what they were but some were long-legged round bodied & warm brown, evidently godwits, and there were agreeably rows of little birds close together that I wanted awfully to know - On compensation. Lorry trundled over bittens & some such thing - creeping along the edges of waterways!

I came home ^{just before sunset} from down the road to Playa de Rey with long ^{straight} lines of white surf breaking 6 ft or more from its sheer wall - but out far enough not to pound. The ocean was gray & the white ^{with its deep voice} surf and air full of ocean life with

Venice

just a haze of fog coming in and a deep glittering gold sun path and a sweet sky that grew and ripened to rich purples. It was glorious. The long straight lines of white surf and the big rollers behind give such a feeling of the dignity of the simplicity & beauty of it all. It all seems a part of the orderly march of the universe - how small a dot man is! And yet he alone can try to understand the universe - and how before what he cannot fathom.

Oct. 20 ^{but} - The beach was like a soldiers home this eve. doubtless as the result of the 'open season' and the popping from early morning out on the marshes & lagoon. The first discovery was a poor cormorant dead on the beach with its bill tied up (In Phalacrocorax) then down the beach one after another godbits with broken legs, crippled surf birds & two big noble gulls - one apparently with one big shot off - it was horrible & made you thankful when any poor little sandpiper put on foot before the other & trotted off normally.

And then more the swirling flocks of little sandpipers in racing ahead of you.

Pasaden

Another invalid - Mrs. Bush, a sweet-faced woman of gentle words & smiles - white. None of the invalids - nice - with face growing womanly, and story which the novel reader (from the convent) reads sweet & & doubtful books and smiles with undeveloped girlish looks that goes to your heart and makes you want to mother her. Guadalupe apologizes for not doing more work herself - has to keep dressed up for reputation of house - good business principle. Little old maid waitress looks you in the eye when taking your order & in every way shows personal interest in having you pleased. Chinese cook can't be asked to help carry home baggage - Express man told no man in house - Chinese cook - not a man.

Even some of the little sandpipers go stamping off on our foot or cheerful little cripples! It made me thankful when one man - in kaki went down & aimed at one godwit - instead of banging into a flock & wounding a dozen - hit it, & instantly with a dexterous swing or two by the bill killed it in human spartan-like fashion. But to shoot at flocks of sandpipers too little for our meat of game - or to shoot gulls, murder tame cormorants -

Water bird

Venice

this country needs policing. Meanwhile the automobiles hurry down to the gun club! Great flocks of ducks went strutting over from the ocean - there must have been ^{hundreds} hundreds of them - & still the popping went on. Poor things tired from their night's journey & seeing quiet waters inland - to fly to them down. If they are shot dead - well & good if needs must be till humanity gets further along - but to have them wounded!

Oct. 20 As I was thinking that there were only godwits, gulls & sandpipers on the shore this morn - no surf birds I came to the end of the board walk & beyond, when the high tide washed up mud & the soft sand is comfortable & the birds can rest disguised - you can't see them at all a short distance off they low into the hummocky surface is well - right before was a big bunch of resting birds - godwits mainly standing on the outside of the circle & nearly 32 surf birds sitting down or standing beyond & in the midst a close bunch of little sandpipers. It was very pretty. Then they began up the sandpipers went off by themselves on the sand. - Sometimes as you look down the beach the big & little birds look like old & young. Once I saw a surf bird fly with a flock of little sandpipers when if the big bird seemed to direct their flight - it turned back as they were

Birds

Finer

going on, & to my surprise they went on a little farther often whirled too! But along the reef was a flock of about 25 scoters, but terns (probably hirundis) were fishing, & overhead big flocks of duck strung across - while gulls beat up & down the shore. It was an exciting time - & the strong sea breeze smelled good & the sun shone warm - good after days of fog & cloud.

21st This morning I had a lonely time watching little sandpipers & snowy plovers (in notes) also explored along the mud thickets and saw a flock of meadowlarks singing, a lot of beddoe's on the wire - a yellowthroat looking very green, a tricolor, & sparrow hawk. Called up a song sp. by whistling its song. Crossing the hard sand dunes reminds you of walking on crust & has something the same exhilaration. Then an some pretty sand dune plants here - nice like that radish out - one with pretty yellow flowers & one with bluish green leafage. At the foot of the dunes there are some green succulent reddish plants all like cuds varying from green to dark reddish. Then there are

Birds

This afternoon the tide was very low (the moon is full) and the mounds of fresh help me all tracked around by the birds. As you looked down the shore, at the water line were scattered big round long-billed godwits & white-breasted gulls, & on the sand back of the water lines of little white-breasted sandpipers like strings of pearls on the sand. Higher up - high & dry were scattered snowy plovers, and now and then one or two would start to make a run (head lowered) & dab at something - one of the little hopping things that run from your feet, it would seem. The ocean was a water color - soft shimmering grays and yellows - and the surf back so far out that the roll of it was soft - the soft voice of the ocean - as at other times you get the deep voice.

Oct. 23 - This afternoon sandpipers were most in evidence on the beach - a little squad of about 30 in one spot & others up & down running about with a few scattered godwits & surf birds & gulls. Out in the ^{the beach} surf a flock of surf scoters were working on the quiet green rollers, in the white surf lines men with long rakes were 'clamming', standing in the low surf & raking up the clams as they were best in, putting them in a bag carried on the shoulder - a team launch with

Venice

lightly rolled sails went hurrying by, and down by the sunlit cliffs at the foot of the bay two schooners with 3 long white sails lay as if at anchor.

A black line against a cloud turns into a flock of ducks.

Oct. 17. ^{Afternoon} Mrs. Stein & I went down to Redondo & on the way over of the long pier was lined along both sides with gulls sitting close. Another pier had gulls (occidentalis & leucomelas) & cormorants.

At Redondo people of all sorts & conditions were fishing on the wharf.

Clored people, old folks & children - One old woman with, apparently, her grand child, ^{sitting down on edge} leaning with arm out over water.

A tramp boat with English flag & maltese cross on the funnel excited comment. The engineer of the electric power plant (which runs the Los Angeles cars by condensing ocean water for steam) told us that railroad ties are brought down from Siberia by Japanese boats cheaper than they can be brought from the redwood belt up north -

because of convict labor. At Redondo we found pebbles being ground and polished for sale - learned that ^{on the} beach close by moonstones (calcd with limestone) agates & jaspers are picked up washed in more than days than others. We walked along for a ways & found people

gathering them - man or woman in bathing suit trying to get them - tourists or just ordinary visitors

Venice

with a mild interest, exploring beach & then about the kiosks or the men with ^{various} things. Some thing for nothing took - too bad the free gifts of the beautiful ocean should be so misused!

The Santa Monica Mts. seen from Venice are usually very ordinary, but with mist over them take on 'mystery & magic' and with dark purple haze of some moments are rich & surreal.

Venice is a curious place - planned, it would seem, on the exposition idea, with buildings copying Italian architecture, & canals (tide water) & lagoons with gondolas to ride in. There is a European exhibit - a Japanese exhibit best from Portland with big dragons curled on pillars in front - Jap. ball game - 'bowling' - on the pier a big auditorium with organ & floor for dancing. Electric lights around the towers and festooning the streets make it very pretty at night. Then there is a Midway Pleasure with attractions with which I have not become acquainted, including plane shoots for the boys, & a ^{wild} Coney Island house in Italian style. Fish dinners served by Jap. are one of the attractions.

Catalina

Oct. 26, in response to a telegram from Vernon Trout in to Los Angeles to meet them on their return from the desert trip. The next mng. - Sunday - we went to Catalina. We took the train at the Pacific Electric station where cars start for Pasadena, Mt. Lowe, all the beaches, Santa Ana, etc.

The station large enough for a railroad station with big waiting rooms, dining room, etc. and over the barrels off entrances to the trains black boards [] on which as the train comes a sign appears - Next car for Pasadena - or wherever it may be. Then we took an electric car for San Pedro whose harbor we found with a multitude of masts, - & boarded the Hermosa for the Catalina trip. It was a pleasant trip across with the ^{dark} purple water (out from the sun) and the sea birds flying across the sun, the gulls, the flying fish, and the gentle rocking of the boat. The sea birds were little more than an aggravation - they flew so far away from our sight.

The island as we approached looked like a ^{dark} range of bare mountains & on reaching it the town proved to be set down on a little flat close to the water's edge with hills rising on all sides. After lunch we went up on an endless chain ^{car} to the top of a hill and down on the other side with the blue water at one foot, so

Catalina

close it looked as if the car would drop right into the ocean. Instead, we stopped out and got into a glass-bottomed boat. Several of them were waiting for passengers and one that we saw full of people presented a row of ^{best} backs, as all the people were leaning over the glasses in the middle. A little awning cut off some of the light and on starting the rower pulled down a flap that cut off a little more. As we bent over the glasses we saw gold fish swimming around above the rocks, most of which were covered with short whitish or other kinds of weed. The most beautiful sight of all was the long streamers of brown kelp - some perhaps 40 ft. long - attached to the stones of the bottom and waving gently ^{back & forth} through the green water. One sea weed had purplish flowers that they called blue flowers. Sometimes the kelp rubbed the glass of the boat bottom. Brown spotted fish swam around and as we moved over the water a big fish with bluish body & white gills came in sight and the rower said he was a sheephead, & said they kept the little fish straight! Schools of little fish from pink up to purple ones & some that the rower called sardines filled the water in

Catalina

places. It was like getting a glimpse of another world to look down into the ocean - the big red-grown rocks, the green water, and the beautiful dark brown kelp growing in forests - more fitting for mermaids. Aalone shells turned suggestively shiny blue ^{in a bathing suit} side up appeared at intervals, and a diver, being rowed around dove for them for the people - at 2 bits each. He was an athletic young fellow but after diving a number of times his eyes got bloodshot & he shivered with cold between dives. He would look thru the glass of the boat to place the shell & then taking a long breath dove under the boat for it. As he looked down thru the green water his body, which was dark brown looked ghostly white. When he had the shell no could see him give a little kick with his foot and start up. Then he climbed by hand overboard into the boat. One of the men in our boat asked - "What kind of animals live in them shells?" A larger - steam-boat was better for seeing the marine gardens, but we had made the mistake of getting our tickets on the boat for the smaller ones. We were brought back to the harbor by a little launch

+ 1 starfish or a few holothurians now seen.

Catalina

and found on piles in front of the wharf a large flock of gulls - occidentalis & heermanni sitting. Two loons down them too, diving and swimming right under the noses of all the people. A sea lion with big mustaches was sitting on his tail, his head out of water, apparently looking to be fed. When the photographer got ready to take him he turned a somerset & and disappeared (See *Larus occidentalis*)

In the Aquarium were star fish, sea anemones, and octopus - horrible creature - & he told of his fight with one in Bermuda - how he tried to get it and it got angry & chased him over the reefs, swimming so much faster than he could that he had to fight it not to leave it - throw its arms around him - fight it with barrel staves beating it off. He said it was funny how a thing of that kind would take hold of your imagination - that he sweat blood before he conquered it. He said their strength is tremendous & they put out all arms and grasp you and hold on with suction discs & then draw the object up and cut it across the back of the neck with their knives.

On the way home the sunset and a 4-masted schooner with sails out sailed across (taasted)

Father of
adventure
travel

Catalina

Fernande

Columbia he said he should. This spring, owing to a fog in which a schooner Capt. instead of following the code of signals acted on his own judgment, the Columbia was run into & a panic ensued. The captain quitted the people, got them all into life boats & then, with a "God bless you," went down with his ship. All who saw him thru it, said he acted bravely.

Dec. 28 Took the noon train north to Fernands where we stayed over night at the Hotel Rey San Fernands.

29th Took a horse & crossed the valley to the Santa Monicas. The low flat part of the Plains are in wheat and we met numbers of horse freight wagons hauling bags of wheat to a corral where it was stacked in tiers rods long - 3 freight cars on track were loaded with it. In places there were enormous barns & big corrals & houses & implements foremen's gang plows & threshers etc. enormous stacks of baled hay going to waste - falling apart - we saw - fields already plowed were yellow with ^{clumps of} sunflowers - poor work. I suggested that the sunflowers or the straw left after threshing could be compressed for fuel in a country where old orange & peach pits are burned.

Saugus & Sololad Canyon

Mr. Chénier's method should be used. We crossed the old road between the missions and saw a bill put up by

marked "El Camino Real 1769 - 1906 - the road here connecting Santa Barbara, San Fernando, Los Angeles, Capistrano & San Diego missions. We drove up into a gulch leading up into the Santa Monicas

30th and climbed up on the road leading across to Hollywood.

30th Left Fernando about 8 a.m. (train late) & went up thru a tunnel to Nordhoff where the English sparrow has come in its way south, and up to Sololad, when, as there is no daylight train there, to Major Desert, Vernon drove as far as he could to determine the zone of the pass, finding it upper Sonoran - sagebrush, Atriplex, oaks, etc.

30th From Fernando we went on to Saugus where we drove up the Francesquitos and Sololad Canyon. On the road we met a campus wagon with a square frame covered with tattered cloth - inside a woman & children walking around - & a sewing machine standing.

After passing a remarkably handsome ^{host of} olive orchard at the "olive growers association"

Santa Barbara

31st In the afternoon we went up to Santa Barbara and the next morning Vernon went up the mountain - rode as far as his horse could well carry him & then climbed fast to the top of the highest peak, running most of the way back to the horse till his knees & legs both felt the strain - but made it between 10.30 a.m. & 4.30 P.M. from the Mission to the Gregson. Meanwhile I went right seeing

31st I went first to the mission. The hours at which visitors are received are posted, and a Franciscan in brown robe and friar's hood ^{fasting} with a white cord, with shaved head and bare sandalled feet showed us around. A collection of antiquities included a rawhide bedstead with the tree calf pattern - rawhide stretched tight as a drum over a frame of a bedstead (such as that described in Romona, which Alessandro made for Phillip) - old step bed for the priests, old illuminated books, one commentary on the books of the old Testament in 1493, a prayer book in the Indian language for use of the Abenaki tribes, ^{old} ^{interior} Processional Cross, a grape vine the size of a child's body, two old mill stones, images, pictures, Indian baskets, vases, etc. a great old piano, & innumerable other curios. Those who went up into the tower saw into the ^{interior} garden where

mission

Santa Barbara

only Mrs. McKinley & the Princess Louise have been allowed to go. The Brother took us into the church now in use. The pilasters painted by the Indians in imitation of Spanish marble, the ceiling decorated of Indian (?) Aztec designs, the old iron bars from which hung curtains used in the decoration of the church, the large pictures - copies of Murillos brought from Mexico were all pointed out by the Brother.

He then took us to the cemetery in which are buried thousands of Indians & whites - full of beauty.

A Brother with a heavy dark blue apron over his robe was working in the garden. A Poinsettia tree in the garden, ^{was without color} but a large crucifix made it a grotto place.

From the steps of the mission we could look down on the gunboats in the harbor whose lights we had seen in coming in. Rosaries made by the mission, of Job's Tears, ^{drilled} seeds of a plant in the garden, were hanging on the wall by the register for sale.

From the mission I walked there some of the best residential part of the town - saw a pack

+ While we were at the altar a friar came in with a big pack of fresh poinsettias for the altar

San Francisco

with an English ivy border that was rich & effective - & took the car down to the shore where the 4 gunboats were standing in handsome effect ^{low} on the water, with white topped launches running back & forth bringing white-capped or other sailors. On a pier was a notice Low water, 7 ft. High water, 11 ft. A dead Cormorant was lying in the mud on shore & while I was there a ^{bankrupted} young man went up the shore with a gun under his arm - nothing was to be seen but one boat & the gulls.

At 7.20 P.M. we took the sleeper for S.F. where we arrived at 9.30 a.m. At the Townsend St. station we had our introduction to the (?) criminal classes - such faces as one would be most likely to find on that side of the city at this time - types of the bad politicians if nothing worse. New handsome business buildings - some completed, others in process, alternate with masses of brick & twisted iron, or part of a ^{brick} wall, a wrecked tower, or neatly piled bricks. Many of the streets are still unfit for traffic, & travel is greatly congested.

The night before election Mr. Gilbert & Miss Eastwood dined with us & afterwards we went to Judge

+ See Keenan's article in Nov.

San Francisco

Hittells to call. The family were out except Carlos the artist & he took us into his workshop where studied projectiles in form of old guns, horns, & other curios now suggesting material. In the fire he climbed to the top of a church tower with a horse. As we came out of the house we heard the searching of an engine in the Labor Parade - something像 a traction engine carried in the parade. From our distance we could see the glow of calcium lights that enveloped the parade. When we got down to the car lines we found that no cars were running, the cars standing blocks away from the line of the parade, some abandoned by conductor & motorman in well grounded fear. It was had been in S. F. on Labor Day when there were riots in different parts of the city, & the car men had been the targets of the mobs, said with deep feeling that they had all his sympathy, masked men in uniforms, without arms - two men to a mob helpless. He then told us of the day when he came into S. F. just as the strike breakers who had been imported to man the street cars & who had not been upheld by the people so that their arms had been taken from them by the police & had forced them out - now

Labor Parade

San Francisco

being sent back to their homes - were gathered at the station to take the train. Directors of the labor party had foretold out the hiding places of these men, knew where they were to be sent away & the mob had gathered. As he entered the ferry house he saw that something was happening in the black mob, & then he heard shrieks for mercy, shrieks that he would not have believed it possible for human beings to utter & that he could not get out of his ears for weeks, & answering shouts of "To hell with them!" & the awful sounds of crushing bones - of human bodies being broken on the stones of the pavements. On Labor Day when the 9 riots occurred H & E stayed in, & when the shrieks of the engine, the shouts of the parade, the cloud of red calcium lights rose - I wished that we had stayed at home. As our way home lay parallel to the line of the parade we could not escape it, & did not know what moment it might turn up our street, & as the street car lines with their standing cars, were crossed & men came out of the darkness H wanted to turn in to a Jap. store that stood open, but it was on a corner with a car standing on its track - its decks (windows) were cleared for fear of action

Car
Pet

San Francisco

We got home safely, but at midnight H was wakened by a tumult in the streets - the next m^og. the labor paper acknowledged that there had been a ^{strike} riot or a motor man stabbed in the back so that he would probably die. The election passed off quietly, however, and the next night we stood on Van Ness with a very orderly crowd reading returns of the Call, that had promised to put out green lights if McCartery (the anarchist) was elected - returns that read along this line Taylor 14 or Landslide for Taylor in the Labor District.

McCartery!

That night as we were returning from dinner in the street car, at the corner of Fillmore we saw a black crowd. I looked up just in time to catch a look of terror on the face of the conductor, & Hart jumped to his feet. A mob? - a riot? But it proved only a street fakir's crowd or something of the sort. So instead of being stoned in the car, we got out quickly & walked home. But - it was as near the French Revolution condition of affairs as I cared to come.

^{Academy} In spare time I went up to the temporary Academy when Mr. Zornius kindly let me look on the

Academy

San Francisco

skins. He & his assistant also took me to the old Academy to see the Galapagos collection. We climbed around ruins & rubbish & up across a plank into the shell of the Academy. Then up a hole in the 2^d story floor ^{outfit} thru a temporary wooden staircase. The ship with 11 collectors had gone to the Galapagos when the fire occurred, so the outfit was saved, & now the collections are back ^{only} for the new Academy. The enormous turtles, the great wings, and the strange little big-billed were in large series. It was exceedingly interesting to see the Academy ruins and the types & records saved by the heroism of Miss Eastwood & the rest. Mr. Z. pointed up at the ruins of the galleries & told where each exhibit had been, & showed where the biggest fires had come from the library - eating deep - said the library made "beautiful ashes". And now they are almost ready to move to the new temporary Academy in the Golden Gate Park.

From S. F. Vernon was called to Nevada to investigate a *Microtus* plague & while he was there I went up to Red Bluff to visit Helen.

Red Bluff We crossed the ferry in time for H to get me on the 8.30 train, so I had a daylight trip up the

Sacramento Valley

beautiful bay with its boats, past the Suisun marshes with their fawn clubs, coots, & ducks. In one place I saw a few Cal. poppies - eschscholzia in bloom. Then saw flocks of blackbirds in the S. valley - great flocks. Alfalfa fields, & oaks with horses resting under them, vineyards & orchards with ^{fall} autumnal touches of variety. The Marysville buttes stood out well as we passed - rising from the level plain. Magpies (yellow-billed) were flying about west of Marysville between there & Arbuckle. Gray moss (short & fine) hung from the oaks in places.

Autumn was seen from the train in passing a big plowed field. A 10 horse cultivator was at work & other implements of the same scale. At Orland a group of Canada geese were seen in a yard. At one town an enormous stack of baled hay was canvassed over. Touches of red & yellow gave warmth to the landscape, & meadowlark songs gave freshness. The ^{white} Lassen Buttes came in sight - before Nitelull & Shasta was seen. White bulk - before reaching Red Bluff. The oak groves at the head of the valley became

Red Bluff

elm-like rich groves. At Red Bluff we drove up along the Sacramento - a beautiful wide river that flows swiftly down between submarginal banks - almost an eastern right - with low bank here & there under the buck & colored grape vines draped trees here & there. The views of the snow-capped Lassen Buttes give touch & dignity to the landscape, & in places Shasta looms up in nobility.

^{part} ^{good} The inside of the Western High School from the point of view of the principal was very interesting. There is no manual training in H. S. or grades, & it is trying to educate the sentiment of the trustees & business men to introduce it into the H. S. & so far it is in the grades - also to introduce a 2 yrs. agricultural course in the H. S. The repellent scholasticism of the schoolman is lost sight of in the principal who helps you load manure while he is convincing you of the importance of man. Training, & talks poultry to the ranchman while arguing the value of an agricultural course. In a community where the living owners propose the principal for the Board of Trade & one of the best mothers allows her H. S. daughters to go to public dances which are free to all characters.

in the town, where competing basket ball teams carry rough housing to the border of rowdyism. There are many grave problems to be met. This much as it is in the east, only more so.

From Red Bluff where I know came others from Nevada we went on to Grants Pass, Oregon, & spent a memorable afternoon in the woods at the base of the mountains. The clear, bracing northern air, the wild country after the city (S. F. to the fore) & the dense wet wood with its beautiful madrones with thin smooth red bark with its exquisite bloom like the flesh of a plum, & its brilliant glowing red berries. The wooded hills all about with ^{dark} ^{admirable} species coming out thru the fog. A charming little girl tearing along from

^{+ After a moonlight sky from oats of the narrow lava easy on the face.}
When we woke, the black bulk of Shasta could just barely be

made out, in the darkness, but sections of slope - hot out perhaps by a narrow section of clear sky - told of the volcanic forms, & we watched till, as it grew daylight, the noble bulk gradually whitened & cloud caps formed & floated off till we counted 7 little o o o o of cloud cap just touched with the sunrise colors.

The top of the mt. looked down on a sea of white cloud. How came the mists in the Siskiyous - beautiful this that in by fog.

10. 9. 18
Walla Walla

San Francisco to Roseburg had given added interest to the day. 10 yrs. old - how could her parents have let her do it? Oddly enough between whiles, playing with her doll, it came out that she had been born near Watertown, New York! She liked to have someone sit with her in the tunnels and confided in a lonesome way that she had never travelled alone before. Esther Pearson, Roseburg, Oregon - a dear, sweet, well bred & intelligent child. It was sorry to get off & leave her with unfinished journey. After spending the night at Grants Pass we took the train again as it came along. At the station we saw a car marked Canada Guest, Kitchie Band or something of that sort & a man with a Scotch crested cap on one side with long tails behind. Our next stop was at Glendale where we found the Clark Hotel kept by a widow & her son & daughter - a nice, homelike house with well fitted bedroom - clean linen abundant white spread, etc. & excellent table - used for an eating station. The people in the house we like the family - refined & educated. A Mr. & Mrs. Lansbury from Portland - critics play us now taking up a homestead in the mts. very enthusiastic supporters of the administration. We heard here of the failures in Portland due to the financial stringency. Glendale is a lumber

Blawood

town. He walked up back of the town, climbed to the reservoir, & followed back along the pipeline thru the dense dark wet woods with noble straight-trunked Douglas spruces rising high in the gloom, & little yew trees venting furious fervor. How he wanted a bow from one! Cushions of green moss on the branches reminded me of ^{the} Nah Bay forest. A streak of light steaming thru made the rest of the woods only the deeper & darker. At the head of the pipe line we came to a small dam & a trifid mt. brook that quenched a whole summer's thirst. It was like the Idyllwild water in the San Jacintos. After climbing up this cold north slope I went across to Cow Creek on the other side of the railroad. The road above this is very troublesome to keep in order in winter on account of the wash outs, narrow gorges, & tunnels as below. He had had two pleasant days (with only a little drizzle at Grants Pass) but now it had settled down to rain & he went on the ^{boat} to Portland arriving there at 11 P.M. He went to the Hotel Oregon & found it a very pleasant house with an excellent tho rather expensive grill. The old Walton Restaurant still keeps up its standard — & he had steamed clams & fried razor clams.

Stikleorum

After doing some necessary shopping in preparation for the rainy country ahead, we went on, without having had a glimpse of any mountain. We reached Zacobea before daylight - a white Kruou went on to North Yakima - Passes. I went out to Stikleorum to see D. A. H.C. A trolley ride thru the cut over spruce, with pallets of noble timber leads out beyond Chambers Creek to an opening on the Sound just above the village of Stikleorum. A ladder a long flight of steps leads up thru the wooded side of the cliff to the house which stands on the edge of the bluff & looks off on the snow capped Olympics (when the clouds lift) & down on the fishing boats that gather at the foot of the cliff. It was interesting to watch the salmon fishers. There are ~~about 20~~^{about 20} ^{fishin} boats. Steam launches are used now, but formerly the boats were rowed & the men sang when they took in the nets. ^{at a certain time of the tide} Each launch is accompanied by a row boat or when the fish are seen by the men who stand looking down into the water, the row boat anchors & the launch circles out, paying out the net till they get around to the row boat again, completing their circle. It is a pretty sight to see several of these big circles of floats like beads of a necklace with a blue or green or white fishing boat. ^{Wager} As the net is paid out a man with a long

St. Iacova

pole and drives the fish away from the gap between the two ends of the net. The net is hauled in apparently partly by machine, partly by hand & when it is gathered in the row boat comes up on the other side & the fish are picked out of the net & thrown into the rowboat.

Then when the boats from Tacoma come to buy the fish they are counted aloud as they are thrown in one at a time—a shining silver fish—from the top of the bluff above. When it rains the men have oil skins, & they wear oilskin aprons for the wet parts, the work is all weather. The Olympic boat plies back & forth in sight. Enormous fine floods in the woods the dead now hint at the luxuriant growth of summer.

To be ready for a telegraphic call from Victoria, B.C. in to the Tacoma Hotel the day before Thanksgiving. The hotel was crowded with Shriners (some with dress suit & red fez with a crescent.) & between the trains & the late hours of the Shriners & the noisy, drunken talk of my next door neighbor who was put to bed at midnight by a ^{Jeff.} bell boy, the night was not a peaceful one. The shouts & expletives, & loud talk of the beast next day got to much in the morn. & I cleaned my room.

Tacoma

Thanksgiving - As it was not raining this morning I took a walk about the residence part of the town up on the top of the bluff, which is graded back from the Sound in terraces of streets. The ^{best} residence part is homelike & attractive, or would be if it were not for the dampness which makes ^{almost} everything lost black & water-soaked. The High School is such a large pretentious building I mistook it for a college. The ships in the Sound make a pleasing picture. The clouds lifted enough to show the platform of the mountain - Rainier - dark then with snow streaks on the higher reaches, but the hill before the peak was not lifted.

Among the list of blessings the Thanksgiving editorials include the fact that the Union Pacific has been work, that the Milwaukee & St Paul is making progress, & that the North Bank line is nearly completed. "thankful that the turkey does not roast too high for the charinghouse customers," & concludes "Take it all in all, nearly everyone everywhere has some reason for thankfulness, even if he should live in Seattle!" A R.R. is coming from Olympia along the Sound past Steilacoom.

Nov. 29 - At breakfast I heard the head waiter telling some people about the mountain & for an instant had a

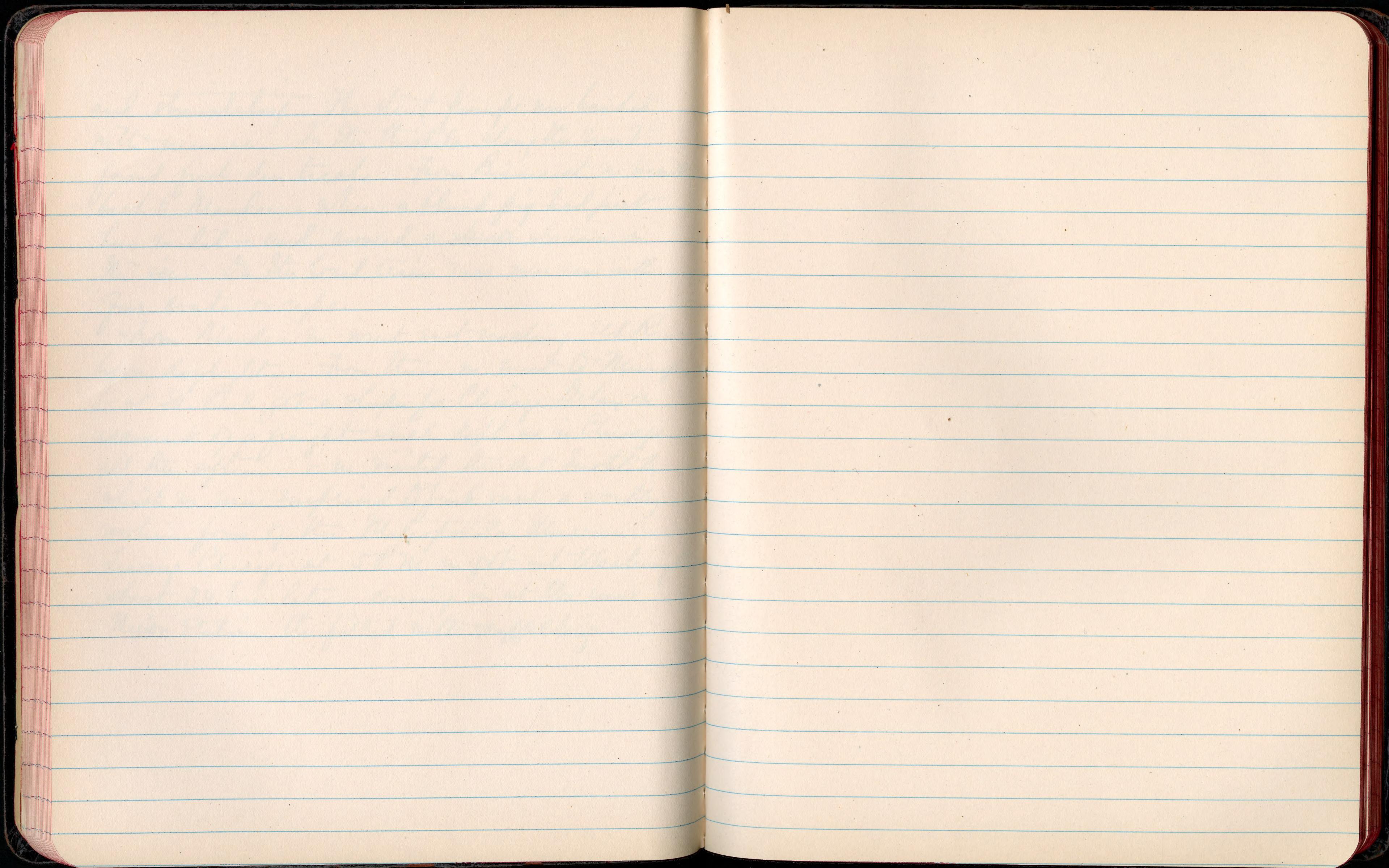
glimmering hope that it might be visible, but discarded the thought as it was still heavily overclouded. On leaving the dining room I went to the office window and - there it stood in all its grandeur! The sun rose on its shoulder & the mountain stood out dark against a coppery background that was reflected in the sound. White mist rising from the deep canyons below the snow line of the flank made the mountain seem higher. As I went out to Stilacross - fearing that there might be further delay - the mountain was white between the spruces, & as I took the train from Tacoma the next day the afternoon light touched it up its snowy sides giving life to it.

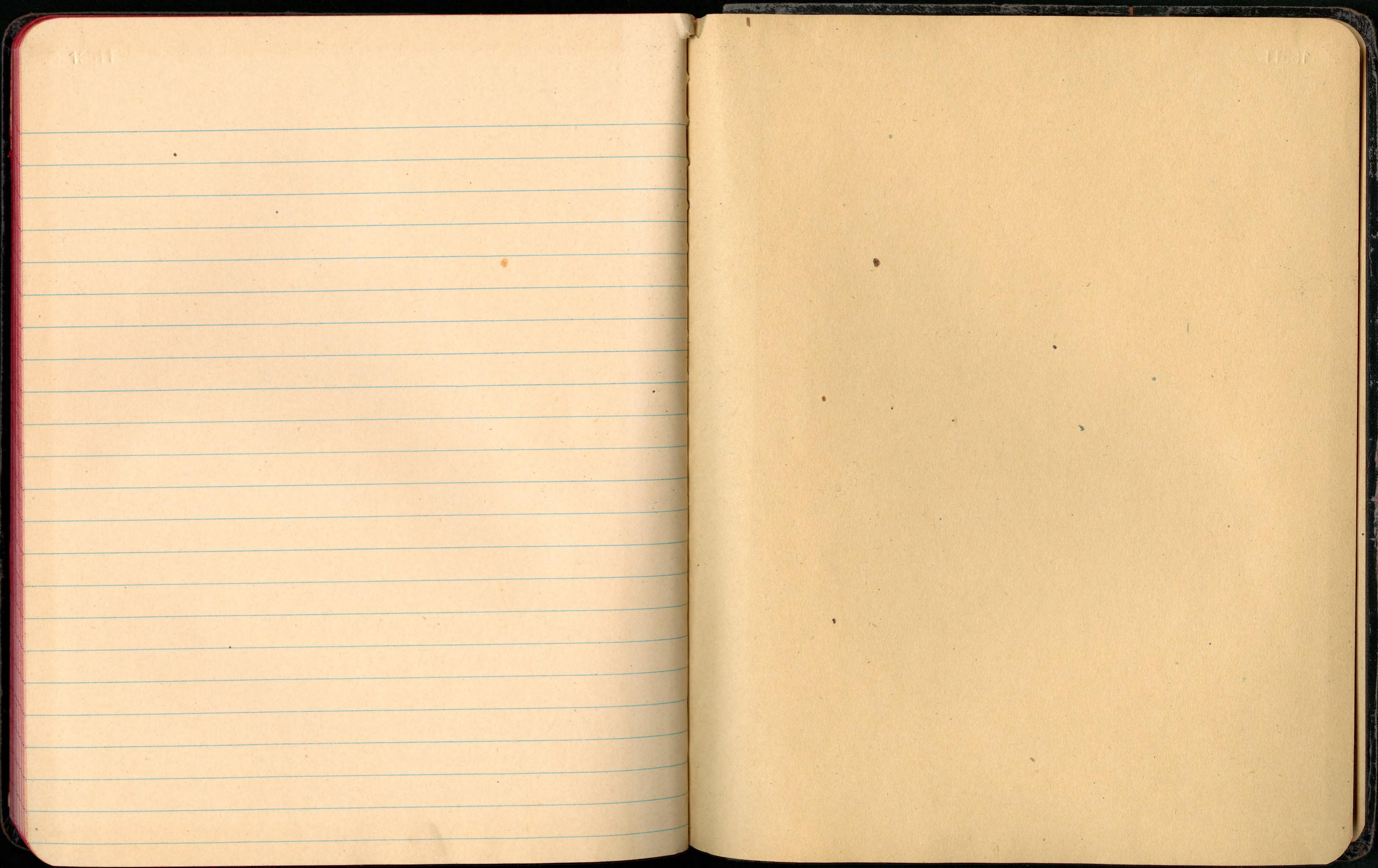
Faxon joined me at Pasco, & we got off at Spokane to try to get the lost camera. Spokane is a most satisfactory town. It has an air of freshness, newness in the up-to-date sense - substantial business blocks, stores that reflect the business activity - great mills along the falls. It seems a live modern city like Minneapolis & St Paul without the old growth. I took the sleeper that night (Sunday) and went on there as far as Bismarck, U. D. We crossed Idaho the first night and spent the day & second night in Montana. At

Missoula where it was frosty - trees & grass & muds white with it - we waited for a freight wreck & finally passed on one side the wreckage and on the other a ^{car} a new box in a lumber wagon by a newly made fence - observed the porter giving gruesome details. From Missoula we began climbing the Rocky Mts. going thru Hellgate Canyon & climbing gradually up on a broad topped low pass - here & there sub. meadows & stands of narrow Murray pine. Came down onto big plains & passed thru Helena, & at dusk - Livingston - which surprised us by its station till we learned that it was the starting point for the Yellowstone. The next m^g. we were near the border line of North Dakota & until we reached Bismarck were in the bad land country, with coal seams - surface coal red banks baked by burning coal strata. In one place we passed an enormous dump of lignite coal by the track - measured - to be sold to the people - no other fuel. Montana - plains - Dakota - prairie. Montana - gullies with trees & bushes. Dakota - coulees without trees or bushes - in the main. North Dakota - Bismarck. We stopped off for the zone map of Bismarck on the east side of the Missouri. The air was cold but bracing

and stimulating. The street pumps are baited with rawure. In the thickets along the river I found fresh deer tracks. From Bismarck we went back to Mandan - where a blind pig had just been raided - and crossed a small stream on the ice. On the local trains men were seen with fur coats & caps.

From Mandan we went east, reaching 2nd River before daylight. From there we went to Minn. - at St. Paul got a sleeper for Chicago. Delay on account of a freight wreck kept us in Chicago all the afternoon & we visited the Art Institute which we were surprised to find such a worthy motive force of the Metropolitan Museum. Leaving Chicago at 5 P.M. we got into Washington about 24 hrs. later - coming in at the new Union Station, the filled with scaffolding.





13511

